XIT.

THE PROPHESIE OF MOTHER *SHIPTON*,

In the Reigne of King *Henry* the Eighth.

Foretelling the death of Cardinall *Wolsey*, the Lord *Percy* and others, as also what should happen in ensuing times.

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When ſhee heard King *Henry* the eighth ſhould be King, and Cardinall *Wolſey* ſhould be at *Yorke*, ſhee ſaid that Cardinall *Wolſey* ſhould never come to *Yorke* with the King, and the Cardinall hearing, being angry, ſent the Duke of *Suffolke*, the Lord *Piercy*, and the Lord *Darcy* to her, who came with their men diſguiſed to the Kings houſe neere *Yorke*, where leaving their men, they went to Maſter *Beſley* to *Yorke*, and deſired him to goe with them to mother *Shiptons* houſe, where when they came they knocked at the doore, ſhee ſaid, Come in Maſter *Beſley*, and thoſe honourable Lords with you, and Maſter *Beſley* would have put in the Lords before him, but ſhee ſaid, come in Maſter *Beſley*, you know the way, but they doe not. This they thought ſtrange that ſhe ſhould know them, and never ſaw them; then they went into the houſe, where there was a great fire, and ſhe bade them welcome, calling them all by their names, and ſent for ſome Cakes and Ale, and they drunke and were very merry. Mother *Shipton*, ſaid the Duke, if you knew what wee come about, you would

not make us ſo welcome, and ſhee ſaid the Meſſenger ſhould not be hang'd; Mother *Shipton*, ſaid the Duke, you ſaid the Cardinall ſhould never ſee *Yorke*; Yea, ſaid ſhee, I ſaid hee might ſee *Yorke*, but never come at it; But ſaid the Duke when he comes to *Yorke* thou ſhalt be burned; Wee ſhall ſee that, ſaid ſhee, and plucking her Handkerchieffe off her head ſhee threw it into the fire, and it would not burne; then ſhee tooke her ſtaffe and turned it into the fire, and it would not burn, then ſhee took it and put it on againe; Now (ſaid the Duke) what meane you by this? If this had burn'd (ſaid ſhee) I might have burned. Mother *Shipton* (quoth the Duke) what thinke you of mee? my Love ſaid ſhee, the time will come you will be as low as I am, and that's a low one indeed. My Lord *Percy* ſaid, what ſay you of me? My Lord (ſaid ſhe) ſhooe your Horſe in the quicke, and you ſhall doe well, but your body will bee buried in *Yorke* pavement, and your head ſhall be ſtolne from the Barre and carried into *France*. Then ſaid the Lord *Darcy*, and what thinke you of me? Shee ſaid, you have made a great Gun, ſhoot it off, for it will doe you no good, you are going to warre, you will pain many a man, but you will kill none; ſo they went away.

Not long after the Cardinall came to *Cawood*, and going to the top of the Tower, hee asked where *Yorke* was, and how farre it was thither, and ſaid that one had ſaid hee ſhould never ſee *Yorke*; Nay, ſaid one, ſhee ſaid you might ſee *Yorke*, but never come at it. He vowed to burne her when hee came to *Yorke*. Then they ſhewed him *Yorke*, and told him it was but eight miles thence; he ſaid that he will be ſoone there: but being ſent for by the King, he died in the way to *London*, at *Leiceſter*, of a laſk;

And

And *Shipions* Wife ſaid to Maſter *Beſley*, yonder is a fine ſtall built for the Cardinall in the Minſter, of Gold, Pearl, and precious ſtones, goe and preſent one of the Pillars to King *Henry*, and he did ſo.

Maſter *Beſley* ſeeing theſe things fall out as ſhee had foretold, deſired her to tell him ſome more of her Propheſies; Maſter, ſaid ſhee, before that *Owes* Bridge and Trinitie Church meet, they ſhall build on the day, and it ſhall fall in the night, until they get the higheſt ſtone of Trinitie Church, to be the loweſt ſtone of *Owes* Bridge, then the day will come when the North ſhall rue it wondrous ſore, but the South ſhall rue it for evermore; When Hares kinle on cold harth ſtones, and Lads ſhall marry Ladies, and bring them home, then ſhall you have a yeare of pyning hungar, and then a dearth without Corne; A wofull day ſhall be ſeen in *England*, a King and Queene, the firſt comming of the King of *Scots* ſhall be at *Holgate* Town, but hee ſhall not come through the Barre, and when the King of the North ſhall be at *London* Bridge, his Tayle ſhall be at *Edenborough*; After this ſhall water come over *Owes* Bridge, and a Windmill ſhall be ſet on a Tower, and an Elme-tree ſhall lye at every mans doore, at that time women ſhall weare great Hats and great Bands, and when there is a Lord *Major* at *York*, let him beware of a ſtab; When two Knights ſhall fall out in the Caſtle yard, they ſhall never bee kindly all their lives after; When all *Colton* Hagge hath born ſeven yeares Crops of Corne, ſeven yeares after you heare newes, there ſhall two Judges goe in and out at *Mungate* Barre.

Then warres ſhall begin in the Spring,
Much woe to England *it ſhall bring:*
Then ſhall the Ladies cry wel-away,
That ever we liv'd to ſee this day.

Then beſt for them that have the leaſt, and worſt for them that have the moſt, you ſhall not know of the Warre over night, yet you ſhall have it in the morning, and when it comes it ſhall laſt three yeeres, between *Cadron* and *Aire* ſhall be great warfare, when all the world is as a loſt, it ſhall be called Chriſts croſt, when the battell begins, it ſhall be where Crookbackt *Richard* made his fray, they ſhall ſay, To warfare for your King for halfe a Crowne a day, but ſtirre not (ſhe will ſay) to warfare for your King, on pain of hanging, but ſtir not, for hee, that goes to compleine, ſhall not come backe againe. The time will come when *England* ſhall tremble and quake for feare of a dead man that ſhall be heard to ſpeake, then will the Dragon give the Bull a great ſnap, and when the one is down they will goe to *London* Town; Then there will be a great battell between *England* and *Scotland*, and they will be pacified for a time, and when they come to *Brammamore*, they fight and are again pacified for a time, then there will bee a great Battell at *Knaveſmore*', and they will be pacified for a while; then there will bee a great battell between *England* and *Scotland* at *Stokamore*; Then will Ravens ſit on the Croſſe and drinke as much bloud of the Nobles, as of the Commons, then woe is mee, for *London* ſhall be deſtroyed for ever after; Then there will come a woman with one eye, and ſhee ſhall tread in many mens bloud to the knee, and a man leaning on a ſtaffe by her, and ſhe ſhall ſay to him, What art thou? and he ſhall

ſay

ſay, I am King of the *Scots*, and ſhe ſhall ſay, Go with mee to my houſe, for there are three Knights, and hee will goe with her, and ſtay there three dayes and three nights, then will *England* be loſt; and they will cry twice of a day *England* is loſt; Then there will be three Knigh s in *Petergate* in *Yorke*, and the one ſhall not know of the oth e; There ſhall bee a Childe borne in *Pomfret* with three thumbes, and thoſe three Knights will give him three Horſes to hold, while they win *England*, and all Noble bloud ſhall be gone but one, and they ſhall carry him to Sheriffe *Nuttons* Caſtle ſix miles from *Yorke*, and he ſhall die there, and they ſhall chooſe there an Earle in the field; and hanging their Horſes on a thorne, And rue the time that ever they were borne, to ſee ſo much bloud-ſhed, Then they will come to *Yorke* to beſiege it, and they ſhall keepe them out three dayes and three nights, and a peny Loafe ſhall bee within the Barre at halfe a Crowne, and without the Barre at a peny; And they will ſweare if they will not yield, to blow up the Towne wals. Then they will let them in, and they will hang up the Major, Sheriffs and Aldermen, and they will goe into Crouch Church, there will three Knights goe in, and but one come out againe, and he will cauſe Proclamation to be made, that any man may take Houſe, Tower, or Bower for twenty one yeeres, and whilſt the World endureth there ſhall never be warfare againe, nor any more Kings or Queens, but the Kingdome ſhall be governed by three Lords, and then *Yorke* ſhall be *London*. And after this ſhall be a white Harveſt of Corne gotten in by women. Then ſhall be in the North, that one woman ſhall ſay unto another, Mother I have ſeene a man to day, and for one man there ſhall be a thouſand women, there

ſhall

shall be a man sitting upon St. *Iames* Church hill weeping his fill; And after that a Ship come saying up the *Thames* till it come against *London*, and the Master of the Ship shall weep, and the Mariners shall aske him why hee weepeth, being he hath made so good a Voyage, and hee shall say; Ah what a goodly City this was, none in the World comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drink for our money.

Vnhappy he that lives to see these days,
But happy are the dead Shiptons *wife says.*

FINIS.